UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

A Friendly or an Unfriendly Universe

By EDMUND H. REEMAN

The Political Future of the Negro

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"Grave Consequences"—China in the Background

By FREDERICK STARR

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER 19

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1924 NUMBER 19

"If none responds to your call, follow the path all alone, all alone. . . .

"If again in the stormy night you do not find a single soul to hold the light for you, and they all close the doors against you, be not faint hearted, but take a rib out of your side, and light it with the fire of lightning, and then, follow the Gleam, follow the Gleam."

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The one really important political event of the year —the third-party convention in Cleveland on July 4th last—has happily taken place, and a new epoch opens in the history of America. This convention has first of all given us a presidential candidate to whose standard all progressives may enthusiastically rally. Robert M. LaFollette is a leader of truly national proportions —a statesman characterized by supreme attributes of knowledge, power, principle, and courage. His knowledge of governmental affairs is second to that of no other public man in or out of office. Whatever we may think of his opinions, for example, we must agree that his mastery of the railroad problem in this country is unexampled. In the same way it was his knowledge of the natural resources of the republic, and what was being done with them, that opened up the astonishing investigations that led to the downfall of the Harding administration. But LaFollette is not only a learned student of political and social questions, he is also a leader of enormous power in the task of solving these questions. His achievements in Wisconsin constitute one of the proudest chapters in the contemporary history of the United States. Similarly, his enlightened leadership of minority opinion in the national Senate has resulted slowly but surely in accomplishments of the first order of constructive statesmanship. Magnificent is the moral principle which has sustained the Wisconsin Senator in the unending conflicts of his public career. Never once has LaFollette been known to compromise on a matter involving a moral issue. His own personal desires and welfare, his comfort, his reputation, his party, his friends, life itself, all have counted for nothing when weighed in the balances of his principles and his cause. And at bottom, of course, has been a courage, a type of heroism, which is one of the finest as it is one of the unforgettable inspirations of our day. LaFollette met the supreme test in the Great War, and never faltered. To have this man running for President on a third-party ticket is like having Lincoln come again. Dreadful is the price which LaFollette must pay for this high service to his country and to humanity. He will be derided as a demagogue, denounced as a traitor, defamed in character and reputation. Every weapon of slander, falsehood, hate and lust will be raised against him. But "Fighting Bob" has withstood the blows of many a battle ere this, and he will again come forth unscathed and triumphant.

Worthy of the candidate is the platform adopted by the Progressive Convention. Within the narrow compass of a thousand words, it presents principles and policies that put to shame the befuddling equivocations lost in the deluge of Republican and Democratic words. This convention was under no necessity of "explaining too much"! The platform sets forth clearly the dominating domestic issue of this hour—the liberties, the happiness, the general welfare of the people as set over against the exploitations of selfish and corrupt bi-partisan government. It calls for the "unqualified enforcement of the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, press, and assemblage"; it demands "public ownership of the nation's waterpower," and "strict public control . . . of all natural resources, including coal, iron and other ores, oil and timber lands"; it recommends "public ownership of railroads, with democratic operation"; it justly assails "the tyranny and usurpation of the courts," and rightly insists on the "abolition of injunctions in labor disputes." Excellent proposals looking to the reform of our taxation system in the interest of the great masses of the common people, the organization of farmers and industrial workers, "protection and aid of co-operative enterprises," etc., complete the domestic program. The international program includes the rescue of our State Department from the continued control of private business and finance, the "revision of the Versailles Treaty in accordance with the terms of the armistice," and the outlawry of war. This platform does not go as far as we might like—it is neither so complete nor so far-visioned as the program of the British Labor Party. But it is honest and fearless, it meets the exigencies of the existing political and social situation in America, and it offers a magnificent rallying-ground for all progressive citizens.

More important, however, than either candidate or platform is the party itself—the fact that again, as by the Free Soilers before the Civil War, a bi-partisan conspiracy has been broken in the public interest. The Populists tried this, and failed because the time was

not ripe. The Roosevelt Progressives tried it, and failed because Roosevelt was a selfish man and betrayed the cause to its enemies. Now at last, however, the right time and the right man have come together, and a real third party, destined soon to be the single opposition party, and soon thereafter the party in control of government, is at hand. It is interesting to note the elements that united in this second Cleveland Convention. Here were Republicans from Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, and other mid-western states, Farmer-Laborites from Minnesota and the Dakotas, Democrats from Montana and the far west, Socialists from the east and north. Here were representatives of the organized miners and the great railroad brotherhoods, of the farmers co-operatives, of the liberals as embodied in the Committee of 48. Here were spokesmen for women, for Jews, for Negroes—advocates who know their people and the longing of their hearts for a new and better day. Altogether fitting and propitious was it that this assemblage was greeted by a special cable message from officers of the British Labor Party. For what this Labor Party has triumphantly done in England, is now about to be done by this new third party here in America. LaFollette may not be the MacDonald of this party in the sense that he will win the Presidency. But if not, he is already the Keir Hardie, in that equally noble and far more difficult work of "preparing the way" for all that is to come.

UNITY *is an independent paper, pledged to the service of the great religious ideals of "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character." For these reasons—because our position is independent and our purpose religious—we shall support Mr. LaFollette and the new third party in this campaign.*

If anything were needed to complete and make perfect the opportunity presented to the Progressives, it was the nomination of John W. Davis by the tortured Democrats in Madison Square Garden. Let there be no mistake about our opinion of Mr. Davis! Handsome in appearance, of extraordinary intellectual capacity, of irreproachable character, he would, if elected, be in presence and action every inch the President. The story of his career, from his boyhood in an obscure West Virginia village through the ambassadorship to Great Britain to the leadership of the American bar, will in this campaign be made as familiar as the saga of Abraham Lincoln. All in all, Mr. Davis is a figure of whom any party, as the country itself, may well be proud. But he is unreservedly conservative, by training, experience and conviction the representative of every reactionary influence in the land. His nomination by the Democrats, as the nomination of Mr. Coolidge by the Republicans, proves at last conclusively and finally that from neither of these two old parties is anything to be hoped for in the way of progress and enlightenment. It is reported that Mr. LaFollette prayed nightly, during the long agony of the Democratic Convention, that John W. Davis might be the nominee. We can well believe the story. The Progressive cause now belongs to LaFollette alone, and from both Democratic and Republican ranks will come the sweeping exodus of men and women who are through for good and all with the old betrayals and hypocrisies, and seek the better day. We were certain, on July 4th, that LaFollette would muster a vote that would startle the natives. When we learned of the nomination of Davis, we became instantly convinced that there were not only possibilities but probabilities of results beyond all calculation.

Nothing could seem to be more futile than the proceedings of the Democrats in New York, but certain good and even momentous results were achieved all the same. Thus, an end was fixed to the public career of William Gibbs McAdoo. His selfishness, his boastful impudence, his insistence on personal success at any cost, his whole "rule or ruin" policy, won him in the end nothing but the supreme contempt of men. The same beneficent result was achieved, though under less distressful circumstances, in the case of Alfred E. Smith. The New York Governor was less self-centred than his rival, less scornful of the simple decencies of life, but he was badly advised by ignorant men who have still to learn that a considerable portion of the United States lies west of the Hudson River. Smith's utter inability to garner more than a third of the Convention's votes, his ludicrous failure to stampede the Convention by accepted Tammany methods of hoodlumism unconfined, demonstrated for good and all not that a Catholic but that a "wet" has no political future in this country. To the welcome demise of McAdoo and Smith, add also that of William J. Bryan, whose long and amazing career is now definitely at an end! His "skin-of-the-teeth" victory for the Ku Klux Klan, his futile fight for McAdoo, and finally his failure to hold the Convention against the Wall Street candidate, John W. Davis, united to bury him beyond all hope of resurrection. Mr. Bryan is old, a little ridiculous, a good deal pitiful, wholly antiquated. He prophesied in one of his distressing speeches in New York, that this was the last convention that he would attend. We believe, as we certainly hope, that this is true. So the Democratic Convention was not in vain. It got rid of three incubuses, which is no small achievement.

The readers of this journal are familiar with the fact that we have always been in favor of the Kansas Industrial Court, or rather of the idea of judicial procedure embodied in this Court. In spite of numerous reports to the contrary, we have believed, and still believe, that this Court was a success whenever it was given a decent trial by capital and labor. Whether a

success or not, it represents a true principle, indeed the only principle, for the settlement of industrial disputes, pending that permanent reorganization of economic relationships which is still, alas, so far distant in this country. This being our opinion, we are gratified to find the American Bar Association sustaining the Kansas Court in a careful report to its recent convention in Philadelphia.

"The members of the bar are beginning to see," says the report, "that an impartial tribunal free from political influence, with power to enforce its decrees and so organized that every employer and every employee having a grievance can be sure of a speedy hearing and a just decision, is the only effective means of settling industrial disputes."

Referring to the Kansas Court, the report states that this is "the machinery which has thus far proved most effective." The opposition to the Court, on the part both of labor and capital, is described for what it is, an interest in their own "absolute power" or "autocratic authority" greater far than their interest in industrial peace. Of course this Court is not perfect—no more perfect than the courts which now maintain peace and order in society at large! But it is the right principle —that of impartial judgment based on established law and precedent; and in industrial disputes as in individual disputes, it represents the one immediate and effective means of settling these interminable labor disputes, with their accompaniment of strikes, lock-outs, injunctions and all the rest, which are costly to everybody and beneficial to nobody.

The rural churches continue to be a problem, and a problem symptomatic of the general conditions of churches everywhere, as we have so frequently pointed out in these columns. Here, for example, is a report just published by Dr. C. J. Galpin, of the United States Department of Agriculture, giving a survey of conditions in some of the rural districts of the country. Dr. Galpin points out that attendance at the services of country churches is steadily decreasing. This is going on at the same time with a rapid increase in the number of churches artificially planted by active denominational agencies.

"Of recent years," says Dr. Galpin, "the percentage of rural church-goers has almost seemed to be in an inverse ratio to the increase in churches."

Statistics collected and quoted by Dr. Galpin show that only *one-fifth* of the rural population goes to church; that seven of every ten rural churches have only a fraction of a pastor apiece; and that one-third of all rural pastors receive so low a salary that they can live only by working at some other occupation. What wonder, in the face of facts like these, that Dr. Galpin calls for systematization and redistribution!

"There are enough churches in the United States today," he says, "if they were distributed on the basis of real need rather than on the grounds of competitive religion, to reach the remotest sections of the country."

Which means, of course, the abandonment of the denominational system of religious organization, and the substitution therefor of the community system. Denominationalism has simply broken down, that's all. People are as religious today as they ever were; and just for this reason will they respond no longer to the appeal of sect and creed.

A Friendly or An Unfriendly Universe

Is the universe friendly or unfriendly to the life of man? From the dawn of human consciousness this has been one of the great burning and insistent questions of the human mind. It underlies every philosophy of the world. It is at once the heart and root of the whole religious problem.

Here is a man, with his growing powers of self-consciousness, self-analysis and self-determination—here is man with his hopes and dreams, his doubts and fears —here is man with his brief and fleeting threescore years and ten—and here is the universe of a million suns encompassing him on every side.

Here is the "solid earth," as we say, beneath our feet, though solid only at its surface and touched even on its surface by the alternate extremes of heat and cold—tropics sweltering in their heat, arctics frozen in their ancient ice and snows—here is the earth with its teeming and multitudinous forms of life, and above our heads this wonder majesty of infinite spaces lit with flaming orbits—stars and planets whose very distances bewilder our calculations, worlds and universes of worlds made and in the making, immensities too vast for our utmost miracles of telescopy to pierce, spaces so incredibly far-reaching that all sound is silenced.

Here is man! Here is the universe! What is man's relation to the universe and what is the universe's relation to man? Is it friendly or unfriendly?

Long before man had risen to his present amazing concepts of the universe, as before he had developed a single piece of mechanism for its exploration, this question was urgent in his mind. Perhaps beyond all questions this question has pursued him. Are these things around me, these powers of light and dark, friendly or unfriendly? How must I comport myself in their presence? Do they bode me good or ill? May I trust or must I fear the mysteries I cannot fathom and the powers I cannot understand?

Trace religion to its earliest roots, follow it through all its changing forms and fashions—everywhere you find this great anxiety present. How to square himself with the world and its powers, this has been man's paramount anxiety, nor is its persistence throughout the ages at all surprising. Man's entire life on earth has been a struggle to survive and sustain and perpetuate himself in the face of heavy odds. Not only had

primitive man to find his own way in the trackless wilds of the world, with no aid but such poor contrivances as his dim and early intelligence could devise, but he was beset on every side by terrors and dangers. Side by side with him fierce beasts waged an equally arduous battle of self-preservation and beast and man often met in ill-matched combat with the odds on the side of the beast. Man faced too the necessities of the struggle for existence in multitudinous other divers ways. Food and shelter were hardly won. A thousand insecurities, added to the multitude of his dangers, imperilled every moment of his existence.

Little wonder that one of the first questions to take coherent shape in his mind was this question as to whether the powers of life were friendly or unfriendly to him. Of his own unaided strength it was obvious that he was no match for the powers of nature and life by which he was encompassed, but which he was powerless to escape. If nature at its heart was as savage as the beasts around him, then pitiful indeed was his plight. If the elements moved in obedience to impulses akin to his own likes and dislikes then, indeed, was his life uncertain, and how to safeguard it was his most urgent problem.

Out of all this it would seem apparent has come all that is most vital in what we call religion. From animism to the highest developed monotheism, religion has been a constant endeavor to build up in man's heart the security of confidence in life and in the powers of life.

One of the most interesting pages in all of human history is that which records man's constant endeavors to assure himself concerning the nature of the universe and the friendliness or unfriendliness of its powers towards himself.

Divers and curious are the answers which the heart of man has evolved to this great ultimate question.

To the savage mind one thing seemed self-evident, namely, that the powers of life must be as personal as the savage himself. If the wind howled today after being quiet yesterday, it must surely be because the wind was in rougher mood and temper today than yesterday, for with the idea of personal powers of life went also the idea of changing moods and tempers in the powers of life. Perhaps if man could somehow propitiate the wind, or a god of the wind, tomorrow the wind might be friendly again. If dire drought scorched the land, perhaps if man could woo the spirit of the waters, tomorrow might see the earth renewed with refreshing showers. If the thunder crashed and lightning rent the skies, surely it must be evidence of grave displeasure on the part of some god or gods, and somehow man must find a way of appeasing the anger.

And so it went. Primitive sacrifices, involving even the dearest treasures of man's heart, sacrifices out of which have developed all the sacrificial ideas that in varying forms persist to this day—all trace to man's burning, urgent anxiety to make terms with the powers of life, and to assure to himself, if anyhow possible, their goodwill and friendliness.

For centuries the human race lived, assuming only that the divers powers of life were of no one consistent nature, but of erratic and changeable disposition. Today angry, tomorrow friendly—the mood or temper depending in part at least upon man himself and upon the strictness of his observance of those things that give the gods pleasure.

We say for centuries men so lived, but it might be more exact to say that so multitudes still live, grounding their whole confidence in life either in the feeble hope of being able to keep perpetually on the right side of a supreme being, or on their ability by some device or other to placate and turn aside his displeasure when directed against them. The idea of human ills and ailments as direct punishments and visitations is still a long way from being forsaken by many people. As long as everything runs along all right they are not greatly troubled, in many cases are not over solicitous of the observance of any religious duty, but let a beloved child fall sick unto death, or some other tragedy or calamity overtake them, and immediately they begin to enquire what they can possibly have done to stir up God's anger against them. What they have done to occasion it, perhaps even more, what they can do to appease it and turn aside its results. It is still not uncommon to hear calamity spoken of as an instrument by which men may be brought back to a sense of religious (?) obligations. There were even preachers who told us in the early days of the Great War that this horror had been deliberately engineered to this end.

By far the greater part of the history of Jewish religion as chronicled in the Bible is taken up with precisely this idea—namely, the necessity to personal and national well being of maintaining right relations with Jehovah. Jehovah being conceived as a being equally capable of either anger or good humor, and, perhaps, not at all indisposed to reward faithful allegiance after the common manner of the ways of men—prosperity for obedience, adversity for perverseness.

It is a far cry now back to the primitive gods of man's early days, for a majority one god has taken the place of the old galaxy of gods and the diverse elements of nature are no longer conceived as separate principalities and powers, but rather as activities and manifestations of one supreme and almighty overlord, but the most distinctive fact about the history of human thought is that right up to this very day the tendency has been to ascribe personal qualities to the powers of life and finally to embody in one being the friendliness or unfriendliness of the entire universe.

A large part of the confidence man has attained in life derives directly or indirectly from this developed

conception that the entire universe is under the control of a personal being who, on the whole, and especially if they be faithful in their religious duties, is friendly and propitious towards men.

That, in fact, is the whole case for the conventional religionist—that the universe is friendly to man because there is at the back of all things a god who is friendly to man. Reduced to a final analysis and to its ultimate essence this is the heart and core of all the religious orthodoxies of the world. The universe in this view does not exist in and of itself. It exists in and of a supramundane being—God.

Now this fact carries us to the very crux of the whole present religious crisis, and is, indeed, the vital crux and fundamental problem of anything that we may call religion.

The world's religious dilemma today centers in this —that for increasing numbers of people the old theistic philosophy of the world and life is breaking down and there is as yet no substantial agreement, or clarity of vision concerning any philosophy to replace it. People, many people, at least, are craving religious reality, but they are in the difficult situation of being certain neither of the old religious confidences, nor of any new basis of religious certitude. We all crave something, or somebody, to lean upon in our hours of weakness and our moments of doubt. Few, if any, probably feel sufficient unto themselves at all times. And, indeed, this universe is a mighty big place in which to feel alone.

So long as people generally felt there was somebody to pray to and to carry their troubles to and to call upon and lean upon in the hour of need, it was not so bad. And that's what a majority of the religiously-minded did. When all human resources failed, they sought divine aid and intervention, and some of them thought they got it. But today we face on every hand the growing doubt whether there is any such God at all as religious teaching has commonly offered for our solace. Everywhere people are asking—Does it really do any good to pray, and how, in a universe like this, can personal prayers ever be actually answered?

It is not at all a question nowadays of atheism or infidelity in the old sense of these phrases. It is not even a question of theism or atheism. It is a question of life and its nature and the innermost essence of human experience and knowledge. It is a question of whether this universe is a piece of complicated mechanism conceived and set going and maintained in operation by a supernatural and supreme being whom nobody has ever seen and of whom at best we can have only the most speculative notions—or whether the universe is something entirely different. It is a question, if you will, whether the old religious hypothesis of an omnipotent, personal God is a sufficient hypothesis for such a universe as this universe is now seen to be. It is, therefore, at the same time a question whether the mind of man is capable of some other hypothesis, equally religious, equally reverent and more adequate and sufficient. That perhaps is something that only time can prove.

It is important, however, that we should frankly face the issue and be under no delusion as to its nature, or as to the fact that is most crucial and vital to it.

As we see it, the situation may be stated roughly as follows—Religion, by which we mean all the old religions in their cumulative and compact unity and embracing all the variety of their forms, religion gave men a basis for confidence in life, and assurance of the friendliness, or the possible friendliness of the universe, and a more or less rational basis and foundation for human morality. Scientific knowledge and discovery in their startling modern developments have largely destroyed the basis of this older confidence and the assurance of this friendliness. Science has not done this maliciously, or with any fell intent. It has done it, so to speak, incidentally, almost accidentally. Science has probed the mystery of life, the mystery of its origin and developments, the intricacy of its apparent laws and principles, and with increasing ability and understanding, and the upshot of it all is that on the basis of what we now actually know of life and the world there is less room than formerly for religious assurance of the old sort. It is one thing to believe in the possibility of direct intervention in your personal difficulties—it is one thing even to believe in the ultimate goodness of the universe, when you believe in man as the product of a direct divine creation carried out a few thousand years ago by a personal god who has told you all about himself in a book called the Bible, but quite another thing to sustain these views when you are obliged to think of man's origin as the outcome of an evolutionary process extending through millenniums of ages and when you are compelled to include the Bible also among the works of evolutionary developments.

Science, of course, does not say that this is a godless universe. It is perhaps true that any such an idea of a godless universe is far from being a legitimate deduction from the findings of science. Certainly the spirit of science was never less materialistic than it is today. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the knowledge which science has built up renders increasingly difficult any unqualified acceptance of the older theological doctrines and their basic ideas. Whether we make the statement gladly or reluctantly, it is now plain that the Jehovah-god-idea, upon which a large part of Christian theology rests, harmonizes very indifferently with our present knowledge of this world and the universe of which it is part. This fact is exercising a tremendous influence in the world and is reacting in unmistakable ways upon all forms of organized religious endeavor. Even where there has

been no open rejection of older theological ideas, there is still much subtle uncertainty concerning them and religious doubt was never so prevalent as it is today both in the world at large and in churches of all orders and creeds.

It helps nothing to deny the existence of this doubt, nor does it help more to seek to circumvent it by frantic re-assertions of the old dogmas. The only honest thing, certainly the only intelligent thing, is to face the situation frankly and see what there is to be said about it.

One great difficulty is that science has nothing to tell us about the why and wherefore of things, though the effect of its work has been to cast this perplexing shadow upon the rationality of the old "whys" and "wherefores." While a majority of churches are still peddling the moth-eaten creeds of the medieval centuries.

So here we are in a universe—if you will, up against a universe that presents to the enquiring mind of man all the problems with which the world of his simpler knowledge confronted the men of the earliest times, and with these problems immeasurably accentuated by the vastness and complexity which life and the universe assumes in the light of the enlarged knowledge.

What is there to be said about it? There is this certainly to be said—that the need which the present situation renders most urgent to the intelligent life of mankind is the need for a new philosophy of life, a philosophy that working from the basis of modern knowledge and in harmony with the spirit of that scientific mood which now dominates the life of man, shall seek to resolve our confusions and bring us to some synthetic and ordered view of affairs whereby the old confidences upon which men have rested may, if anyhow possible, be replaced by new confidences at least as sufficient and assuring.

Henri Bergson, not forgetting William James, have perhaps gone as far as any in this direction, but there is still a vast and most important work to be done. We need an enthusiasm for life, and there can be no deep and abiding human enthusiasm for life until mankind at large has come to some great re-assuring confidence concerning life, its meaning and its values.

It would ill become us (least of all) within the scope of these lines to presume to indicate the basis and character of such philosophy as we have sought to show the need of. Lest, however, these words should have suggested doubts where they did not previously exist, lest we have forced, as it were, an issue for any mind, we may perhaps indicate in brief space the considerations upon which our own confidence is grounded.

There are just two considerations that we find especially consoling in this time of changing sanctions, religious doubt, and intellectual perplexity. The first is, that when all is said and done the universe is what it always was and embodies our highest hopes and desires no less than our gravest doubts and fears. It really doesn't make very much difference to the essential facts of life—in fact, it makes no difference at all—what the men of earlier times may have believed about them, nor any greater difference what uncertainties we may now entertain concerning them, though it may, and doubtless does, make a great deal of difference to us.

The earth was not flat because men at one time believed in and worked upon the theory of a flat earth. The universe was not limited because at one time of day men had no conception of it other than as a simple order of which our earth was the center and the sun and moon and stars simply luminaries hung in the firmament for the advantage of our planet. The universe has always been this vast, illimitable, changing, growing, evolving affair that we now see it to be. That is, if our present knowledge be at all dependable, and even if our present ideas be altogether mistaken, the real nature of the universe remains unchanged.

While it may be increasing difficult for the modern mind to impute to the universe the kind of personal friendliness that so many souls crave, it would seem self evident that on the other hand the universe is not unfriendly to man in any personal or erratic sense. Things are such that man can live in the world, such that he can live with increasing confidence and capacity —such that if man chooses he can apparently continually improve his own condition. The whole course of human history is the best evidence we need of this. It certainly does not look as if life, or nature, or whatever we want to call it, is hostile to man's control of its powers, or to man's own progressive development. Nature yields to man and the story of mankind on this planet is on the whole one of a steady ascendancy, an increasing power, and an ever more hopeful domination. Indeed, so tremendous have been the gains of mankind in the struggle of life that it would seem fair to say that man's chief anxiety no longer centers in his conflict with the powers of nature, but rather in the tumult and disorder of his own human affairs.

The second consideration upon which we rest our personal confidence is this that when all is said and done, man is himself a part of the universal evolution and order of life. It is really not a question of man *and* the universe at all. Certainly it is not at all a question of man versus the universe. The universe exists in man as surely as man exists in the universe. In no sense do we stand apart from life. We are not here and it there. We belong together and are one and indivisible. We have no life apart from the common life, nor any interest that is divorce therefrom.

Whatever the ultimate source *is* whence all things derive—stars or suns, mountains or seas, birds or beasts, verdant growth, or infinitesimal creeping things —it is from the same source that we ourselves derive.

If, therefore, it is fair to say that a hidden beauty in the universe blossoms in the rose; that an infinite

majesty in the universe flames in setting suns; that an eternal strength in the universe is manifest in the rocks and hills of earth, then it is surely no less true to say that an increasing intelligence in the universe is mirrored in the mind of man and that a growing righteousness in the universe expresses itself in the righteous hopes of men.

And so long as these things are true, we see no reason whatever doubts and uncertainties may perplex, and no matter how limited our knowledge, why we may not lie down at night in peace to sleep. Nor any reason why, as our earthly days draw to their close, we may not trust ourselves to the last long sleep with hearts still unafraid. EDMUND H. REEMAN.

Jottings

Ferrero's condemnation of Mussolini is refreshing. The great Italian historian sees the Fascisti leader for what he is—a dictator whose rule means to modern Italy what that of the later emperors meant to ancient Rome. Strange that such a figure should have appeared in our time! And yet, what more inevitable, after the vast upheaval of the war?

Bishops are funny things! Here is the Bishop of Durham, in the English House of Lords, defeating by his eloquence a bill for the control of the liquor traffic by "local option." The alliance between bishops and brewers in England has long been an inexplicable scandal.

During the late Democratic Convention in New York a woman picket walked the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with a sash inscribed "No More War." The hotel people informed her promptly that her sash was "objectionable." We wonder if it would have been satisfactory if it had been inscribed "War—More War"!

The New York *Times* announces in all solemnity that "the total membership (of the Presbyterian Church) today is $1,800,000." We had always suspected that dollars counted more than souls in the modern church, but never expected to see the victory of Mammon over God expressed in this naked fashion.

A cheering report comes from the Northwest Student Conference, held at Seabeck, Washington, in June last. The faculty, on vote of the students, granted an hour for open discussion of the abolition of war. After a searching debate, in which excitement ran high, twenty-five (25) out of the one hundred and twenty-five (125) students stood up as absolutists—"that under no circumstances would they participate in war."

The withdrawal of the General Synod of the Christian Reformed Church from affiliation with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, is an event of regrettable and yet trivial significance. The Federal Council has its faults and failings, but it is organized on right lines, and a withdrawal of this kind affects only the withdrawing group.

J. H. H.

The Political Future of the Negro*

In standing upon this platform this afternoon, to exercise the high privilege of addressing this great assembly, I find myself in a position of some embarrassment, which needs perhaps some personal explanation.

You have noted that there are four speakers upon your program. The last of these speakers, highly honored and greatly loved among us, Mr. James Weldon Johnson, has the duty, I suppose, of summarizing, correcting, and amplifying the remarks of his predecessors, and in general pronouncing the benediction of our thought. The other speakers, expressly invited to address you upon a political problem, must be supposed to represent certain phases of present-day American politics. Representative Burton, of Ohio, could not, if he would, dissociate himself from the Republican Party. Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, would not, if he could, dissociate himself from the Democratic Party. We know where these gentlemen stand—and we suspect, I imagine, something at least of what they are going to say.

But if we have thus the two old parties represented, where do I come in? I would not leave that not unnatural question unanswered. I come in here, in my own mind at least, as one who is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. I have as much respect for one of these parties as I have for the other—which, being interpreted, means, no respect at all. I am even unwilling in this case to follow the old-time maxim—"Of two evils, choose the lesser"; for I was taught in my childhood that when evils get bad enough, the maxim must be changed to read, "Of two evils, choose *neither*." Of these two sins—Republicanism, on the one hand, and Democracy, on the other—I have long since repented in dust and ashes. For the moment, I am a man without a party. After the Cleveland Convention of this week—on July 4, appropriate day!—I shall be a third-party man, pledged to vote for a new political organization which, God willing, shall do for the people of our time, black and white alike, what the Free Soilers did for the people of seventy years ago!

Having now identified myself politically, as Mr. Burton and Mr. Walsh are already identified by their public office and public fame, I turn to the discussion of the question of this hour. Without preliminary explanation or flourish, I propose to submit to your con-

*An address delivered before the Fifteenth Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday, June 29, 1924.

sideration this afternoon certain specific points which I consider to be of vast significance for the political future of the Negro.

(1) First of all, may I say frankly, and with emphasis, that I believe the time has come for the Negro to rise above all questions of political patronage, of recognition and reward by appointments to public office. At the twenty-seventh general conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, on May 14th last, the Board of Bishops cited the Negro's support of the Republican Party for half a century, and declared that "since the days of President Roosevelt the Negro has had but little recognition in the distribution of offices. . . . No administration has been so slow to recognize us as the present. It was thought, when we turned all our political influence and voted solidly for the present administration, that we would share in the offices and enjoy other benefits of the Government. But we do not. Few have been appointed to offices that are remunerative, and the Senate, although Republican, has rejected a part of the few."

With this point of view I have little sympathy, although I think much understanding. I object to it, because I resent seeing my Negro friends classified with Tammany Hall hoodlums, Republican ward-heelers and hangers-on, politicians generally, as competitors for the swag of public office. It ill comports with the essential power and dignity of the Negro race to push like swine about the public crib, and squeal in anger, black pigs with white pigs, when they fail to get their share of the political swill.

I object, further, because the hunger for patronage, and the struggle for its satisfaction, diverts to politics those noble racial energies which might and should be used for higher purposes. There are other things more important to the Negro than a few collectorships and postmasterships. These indeed, when won, only serve as so much dope, to drug the race into the dreamy illusion that it is really getting somewhere.

I object, again, because I must insist that because a man is a Negro is no reason in itself why he should receive, or expect to receive, a political appointment. A black skin is no more a qualification for office than a white skin. To recognize an individual for his race, religion, party, or for anything other than his own innate character and ability, is a betrayal not only of our country, but of our common humanity. For the Negro to ask or demand recognition because he is a Negro, is for himself to put his race apart, and therefore one side, in a separate class asking for separate treatment—treatment which is sure to be more often that of degradation than of exaltation. To ask no favors is the first step toward receiving no disfavors. Surely the time has come for the Negro to ask, and demand, in the political as in every other walk of life, that he be regarded *not* as a Negro, but simply and solely, and also completely, as a *man*.

So I ask the Negro to put aside this quest of patronage—to become something more than a political beggar. The day for this has passed.

(2) I have referred to the fact that there are other and nobler aims to be sought by the Negro in the political field, other and more imperative things to be done, than are involved in the game of patronage. Think of bothering about public offices when there is lynching to be stopped, free education to be won, political rights to be protected, social equality to be vindicated! Which brings me to my second point! I ask that the Negro persistently set before himself, and all his fellow-countrymen who love justice, some one great goal of achievement on behalf of equality and right. This goal thus sought at any one time should be concrete and therefore single. "This one thing I do," said St. Paul! The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is at this moment a perfect example of what I mean. We have set our hands today to this plow, and we are going to drive it till we reach the end of the furrow in victory. This done, why not take up federal education on a basis of exact equality for blacks and whites? This done, let us seek a redistribution of Congressional seats in the Southern states on a constitutional basis not of population but of actual voting strength? *"This one thing I do!"*

What a policy of this kind means is triumphantly indicated in the story of the Nineteenth Amendment and "Votes for Women." A full three generations ago, the women of this country set out to get the franchise. Nothing was allowed to divert them from this one end. No flattery cajoled them, no obstacles discouraged them, no deceptions led them astray. And they accepted no substitutes! At last, as the reward of endless patience and dauntless heroism, the fight was won. This should be *our* method—a clear objective and an unending campaign toward it, until the goal is reached.

(3) A third point—well stated in this month's issue of the *Crisis!* We must watch each and every candidate for public office—local, state, and national—test these candidates on the issues which concern our cause, and support them or oppose them, regardless of party, according as they are our friends or our enemies. No candidate who is not willing to stand up and be counted for the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, or for any other specific policy for the advancement of colored people, should in any election receive a single Negro vote.

Do you not realize to what an extent we hold the balance of power in legislative and Congressional districts, and even in the Presidential campaign itself? Do you not realize to what an extent the organized exercise of this balance of power can bring us anything that we really want? Look how the Anti-Saloon League taught the lesson on the Prohibition issue!—Putting aside all questions of personal opinion on this issue, I ask you to turn to history and read how the cause was won? When did national Prohibition, through constitutional amendment, become a possibility, and then quickly an actuality, in this country? When the Anti-Saloon League went as a non-partisan organization into every doubtful Congressional district in the land, put every candidate on record on the liquor question, and then rallied a solid vote in opposition to the "wet," and in support of the "dry," candidate.

But why should I go outside our own experience, to demonstrate this point? We also have shown what can be done by non-partisan political action as applied to our own especial needs and hopes. Following the fight on the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill in the last Congress, we defeated by a solidly massed colored vote, four enemies of the Bill—in Delaware, in the 9th Congressional District of New Jersey, in the 6th Congressional District of Michigan, and in the 5th Congressional District of Wisconsin, the sitting Representative was in each case defeated on this one issue, by the Negro vote alone. Keep it up—till every Democratic and Republican politician in the land trembles to his shoe-tops when he looks a black man in the face.

(4) I have spoken of non-partisanship, of voting on Negro issues regardless of party. This brings me to my fourth point! Of greater importance to the political future of the Negro than any other one thing of which I can think at this moment, is the instant winning of his political independence. By this I mean very definitely one thing, begging Congressman Burton's pardon—and that is, freedom from the Republican Party!

That the Negroes should have supported the Republican Party in the beginning, and should continue to do so still, is only natural. To the Republican Party, to its everlasting glory be it said, more than to any other single influence, the Negroes owe at once their freedom and their franchise. What wonder that they are grateful, and show their gratitude! But time passes! Much water has flowed under the bridge since 1865. The party of Lincoln and Sumner is one thing —the party of Calvin Coolidge and Cabot Lodge is another and different thing. Once in very truth the party of moral ideals, Republicanism today is a party neither of morals nor ideals.

On the Negro question, the Republican Party no longer has either interest or courage. How did it handle the Ku Klux Klan issue at the Cleveland Convention? With an evasive cowardice which I hope has won the contempt of every voter in the land. On this Negro issue, the Republican Party is not even honest. Look at the plank in its platform on the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill:

> We urge the Congress to enact at the earliest possible date a Federal anti-lynching law, so that the full influence of the Federal Government may be wielded to exterminate this hideous crime. . . .

A fine statement—but a lie from the first word to the last! In two Congresses dominated by Republican majorities, with Republican Presidents in the White House, the Dyer Bill has not been passed, the superb fight of Secretary Johnson proving unsuccessful in the face of a Republican indifference equal in measure and degree to Democratic hostility.

It is time, my friends, that the Negroes of this country freed themselves from Republican mastery.—We need another Emancipation Proclamation to deliver the blacks today from political slavery, as yesterday from chattel slavery. You owe a debt to Republicanism. But you have paid this debt. Now take the mortgage and burn it up, and for the second time be free!

In saying all this, begging Senator Walsh's pardon, I am not urging you to join the Democratic Party. Jonah was badly enough off in the whale's belly, but even so he was better there than in the ocean! I do not even ask, begging my own pardon, that you join the new third party. I do not know what that party is going to do for the Negro! All I ask at the moment is that you break away from the bondage of blind Republican partisanship—that you gain the dignity and power of political independence, and thus wield the incalculable influence of free men.

(5) One final point! In this country, as in England, the foundations of social life are shifting. Our democracy, for long political in character, is now becoming fundamentally economic. This means temporarily the predominance of capital; it means ultimately the triumph by the working man and the working woman. The Negroes are pre-eminently workers. Ten millions of them fill the ranks of labor, and therewith sustain the structure of the world. More and more with every passing day is this labor place and power destined to count in terms of social influence. It is in this new commonwealth of toilers that the Negroes, with all other workers, are to find liberty at last. Cling therefore to your place; dignify it, ennoble it, glorify it; it is the seal of your power and the sign of your deliverance. A new world is on the way—and in this world the beads of honest sweat upon the brow of black and white, will be the sole crown of sovereignty.

It is in this final emancipation of the commonwealth of workers that I find the real promise of your political future. Not what a man comes from, but what he is —not the blood in a man's veins, but the work in his hands—not the color of a man's skin, but the texture of his spirit—this shall be the stamp of manhood and the badge of citizenship. Here as common toilers on the common way, we stand together side by side. What matters, then, our race? Have we not humanity to brother, and God to father? Are we not one family?

> Come, clear the way, then, clear the way,
> Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
> Break the dead branches from the path,
> Our hope is in the aftermath—
> Our hope is in heroic men,
> Star-lit to build the world again.
> To this event the ages ran:
> Make way for Brotherhood—make way for man.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

AMERICA, THOU LAND I LOVE

America, thou land I love!
  O land of mighty mould!
Humanity still waits for thee
  Thy promise to unfold.
In time to come will millions fill
  The spaces empty now,
On thy broad continent will ply
  The shuttle, and the plough

Will delve to win the shining wealth
  That sleeps beneath thy soil,
And boundless plenty will reward
  The universal toil.

But, O dear land, forget not thou
  To feed a purer flame,
To dedicate thy giant strength
  To man's sublimer aim.

Here let the war of selfish greeds,
  The strife of classes cease,
And mutual amity unite
  Thy vast constituencies.
That thus true freedom may arise,
  The mind, the soul, be free;
A nobler, grander race of men
  May dwell from sea to sea.

—*Felix Adler.*

The Standard.

"Grave Consequences"

Six Articles on the American-Japanese Situation

2.

China in the Background

On our Pacific Coast, we have recently had one after another efficiency experts sent out to encourage and develop us.

Their visits and their antics while here give room for considerable thought. These gentlemen from the east have held a mirror to our faces and have reflected our features. They have caught our words of self-laudation and echoed them, to our great satisfaction. In other words, these experts have praised us extravagantly. According to them, the greatest opportunity is within our grasp, and the most brilliant of futures lies before us.

It is a little disconcerting that these gentlemen express themselves as surprised beyond measure with what they found out here. A new great light seemed to burst upon them. If they were really as ignorant of what we had here on the coast as they claimed to be, they are scarcely the safe guides and great helpers we supposed them. They deepened our prejudices, but they neither gave us helpful advice, nor warning, nor criticism. They gave us only a chorus of the most fulsome praise, which, of course, was what we wanted. They were equally delighted, surprised and stimulated by what they saw at each and every city of the coast. It was clear that they were ordered to maintain an even hand between Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Considering their great surprise, admiration and optimism, it is strange that no one of them has cast his lot in with us. It might have been supposed that they would lose no time in locating in one or another of these centers of future development, but each has wended his way back to the provincial eastern city from which he came.

However, we really do look forward with hope to the future. We believe, with Premier Jan Christian Smuts, that the immediate future of the world in politics, commerce and development lies in the Pacific and in Asia. We believe that this great ocean is an opportunity; we look forward to utilizing that opportunity, and we expect an enormous development, which, if well made, must command the admiration of the world.

What is Japan's place in our bright hopes? She is now the west coast's best customer. Business with her can still be enormously developed. Not only to us on this coast, but to the whole United States, the matter of Japan's trade is something to be considered.

But we look beyond Japan. The Pacific Coast of the United States, as the entire nation, has eyes fixed upon China, the greatest mass of human beings in one country, under one government. To us, the Chinese trade looks like the greatest possible thing in the world of commerce. To gain it, we are ready to work hard. As individuals and as a government, we will do much to gain our fair share of that great prize.

It is important, however, to recognize a few simple facts. The only hope of China lies in Japan. It is no figure of speech, the claim of the Lansing-Ishii agreement, that Japan's geographical position gives her a special interest in the affairs of China. China can never pull herself together alone. There is no other nation vitally interested in seeing her become a self-sufficient and powerful nation. There is no other nation whose own future depends to the same degree on a strong and prosperous China. It is not to the interest of European nations that China should be strong or independent. No one of them nor any combination of them will work for such an end. The only two outside countries upon whom China can depend for genuine sympathy and aid are Japan and the United States. And Japan's position makes the whole matter one of greater consequence to her than to ourselves.

There is, of course, today hatred between Japan and China. Some of this hatred is old and justified by the experience of the past. Most of it, however, is due to foreign interference and is sedulously cultivated. It is the foreigners in China who for their own interests sow dissent and hatred. They misrepresent and magnify every little point of difference between the two great Asiatic nations. Some years ago the well known English writer Putnam Weale (a nom-de-plume, by the way) seriously suggested that Britain's success in the Far Orient lay in playing China against Japan. This policy had, of course, been constant not only for Great Britain but for France and Russia and to some degree for the United States.

This hatred and hostility of China to Japan has shown itself in various outbreaks. The boycott against Japanese goods was one expression of it. It was widespread, lasting, and harmful. The student movement was another expression of this hostility. It has been customary to sing praises to it. In reality, it was an unbalanced, juvenile, neurotic outburst. Long before it ended, it became a veritable nuisance. It was an open insurrection against the actual government of the time. It is not reason for congratulation that in their first public demonstration these rebellious and mutinous young people made their way to the American Legation in order to make a demonstration before the American Minister, apparently certain that they would receive his approbation. Mr. Reinsch himself says that fortunately he was absent from the Legation at the time when they appeared, but Mr. Reinsch should have been ashamed that a band of mutineers against the government to which he was accredited, should have gone to his headquarters.

There is no question that left to themselves Japan and China would soon come to an agreement. The agreement would be mutually advantageous. Japan can gain nothing permanently in China by an abuse of force. She must co-operate frankly and heartily, with recognition of Chinese interests, if she is to profit by Chinese resources. This is fully recognized today by leaders in Japanese politics, and expediency as well as principle, dictate future action.

With Japanese advice, co-operation, and direction, China can find herself. It is the only possibility for her. It is possible—personally I think it is to be desired—that in her development it will be necessary for China to change her form of government. New wine in old bottles is not a great success. No form of government could be less genuinely suited to Chinese conditions than a republic patterned after our own. If a strong man should rise in China, Chinese in blood,

training and thought, he might perhaps guide a China, organized along lines that they understand, to a future.

Under present circumstances Chinese trade has almost reached its full development. There can be little more until the great change has taken place. When that change does take place, when China does find herself, our share in Chinese trade will be just so much as Japan feels like turning over to us. Is it likely that she will feel like doing much for her one-time friend?

Let us, however, suppose that Japan is entirely out of the way. Suppose she were destroyed. How then about the Chinese trade? With Japan out of the way, the European nations would act promptly. England, France and Russia (if the old Russia should come again) would partition Asia absolutely among themselves. There would be no delay; there would be no mincing of matters. It is only the rise of Japan that prevented the partition of China sooner. With Japan weakened or destroyed that partition is certain. With such partition "the open door" of which we hear so much would be slammed in our faces and America would be shut out from the field to which we look with anxious longing.

The Chinese are not fools. We must remember that we have excluded them. The fact has rankled. Their treatment in this country was as bad as could be—extending even to inexcusable massacre. Those things are not forgotten. The Chinese may hail with joy the insult which we have just offered to Japan. It fits with their own momentary anger. But they realize particularly that racial hatred is at the bottom of it. They know that it is a question of color equality. They, too, are yellow men, and they will watch closely the trend of affairs. We must remember too that China is in no happy mood regarding the outside world. She had no interest herself in the Great War. Yet she was led into it, and largely through our influence. She expected great advantages. Sitting at the peace table she hoped to see injustices under which she suffered wiped out. She was cheated and defrauded. Never was there a greater bunco game.

It is not likely that the action of our Senate will throw China into Japan's arms. It is certain that it will arouse deep thought, suspicion and distrust in China. —*Frederick Starr.*

(*To be continued.*)

My Jail Experiences

V

It has been my invariable experience that good evokes good, evil, evil; and that therefore, if the evil does not receive the corresponding response, it ceases to act, dies for want of nutrition. Evil can only live upon itself. Sages of old, knowing this law, instead of returning evil for evil, deliberately returned good for evil and killed it. Evil lives nevertheless, because many have not taken advantage of the discovery, though the law underlying it acts with scientific precision. We are too lazy to work out in terms of the law the problems that face us, and therefore fancy that we are too weak to act up to it. The fact is, that the moment the truth of the law is realized, nothing is so easy as to return good for evil. It is *the* one quality that distinguishes man from the brute. It is man's natural law not to retaliate. Though we have the human form we are not truly human till we have fully realized the truth of the law and acted up to it. The law admits of no escape.

I cannot recall a single instance in which it has not answered. Utter strangers have within my experience irresistibly responded to it. In all the South African jails, through which I passed, the officials who were at first most unfriendly to me, became uniformly friendly because I did not retaliate. I answered their bitterness with sweetness. This does not mean that I did not fight injustice. On the contrary, my South African jail experiences were a continuous fight against it, and in most cases it was successful. The longer Indian experience has but emphasized the truth and the beauty of non-violent conduct. It was the easiest thing for me to acerbate the authorities at Yerawada. For instance, I could have answered the Superintendent in his own coin when he made the insulting remarks described in my letter to Hakim Saheb. I would have in that case lowered myself in my own estimation and confirmed the Superintendent in his suspicion that I was a cantankerous and mischievous politician. But the experiences related in that letter were trivialities compared to what was to follow. Let me recall a few of them.

A European warder I knew suspected me. He thought it was his business to suspect every prisoner. As I did not want to do the slightest thing without the knowledge of the Superintendent, I had told him that if a prisoner passing by salaamed, I would return the salaam and that I was giving to the convict warder in charge of me all the food that I could not eat. The European warder knew nothing of the conversation with the Superintendent. He once saw a prisoner salaam me. I returned the salaam. He saw us both in the act, but only took from the prisoner his ticket. It meant that the poor man would be reported. I at once told the warder to report me too, as I was equally guilty, with the poor man. He simply told me he had to do his duty. Instead of reporting the warder for his officiousness, but in order to protect a fellow prisoner, I merely mentioned to the Superintendent the incident of salaaming without the conversation I had with the warder. The latter recognized that I meant no ill whatsoever to him, and from that time forward ceased to suspect me. On the contrary he became very friendly.

I was subject to search like the other prisoners. I never objected. And so, daily before the lock up, a regular search took place for many months. Occasionally a jailor used to come who was exceptionally rude. I had nothing but my loin-cloth on. There was therefore no occasion for him to touch my person. But he did touch the groins. Then he began overhauling the blankets and other things. He touched my pot with his boots. All this was proving too much for me and my anger was about to get the better of me. Fortunately I regained self-possession and said nothing to the young jailor. The question, however, still remained whether I should or should not report him. This happened fairly long time after my admission to Yerawada. The Superintendent was therefore likely to take severe notice of the jailor's conduct if I reported him. I decided to the contrary. I felt that I must pocket these personal rudenesses. If I reported him the jailor was likely to lose his job. Instead therefore, of reporting him, I had a talk with him. He took my conversation in good part and felt grateful. He admitted too, that

his conduct was wrong, though he said he did not act with the intention of wounding my susceptibilities. He certainly never molested me again. Whether he improved his general conduct in regard to other prisoners I do not know.

But what was most striking was perhaps the result of my intervention in connection with the floggings and the hunger-strikes. The first hunger-strike was that of the Sikh life-sentence prisoners. They would not eat food without the restoration of their sacred loincloth and without the permission to cook their own food. As soon as I came to know of these strikes, I asked to be allowed to meet the strikers. But the permission could not be granted. It was a question of prestige and jail discipline. As a matter of fact there was no question of either, if the prisoners could be regarded as human beings just as susceptible to finer forces as their species outside. My seeing them, I feel sure, would have saved the authorities a great deal of trouble, worry and public expense, and would also have saved the Sikh prisoners the painful prolonged fast. But I was told, if I could not see them, I could send them "wireless messages"! I must explain this special expression. Wireless messages in prison parlance means unauthorized messages sent by one prisoner to another with or without the knowledge of the officials. Every officials knows and must connive at such interchange of messages. Experience has shown them that it is impossible to guard against or to detect such breaches of prison regulations. I may say that I was scrupulously exact about such messages. In every case it was in the interest of prison discipline. The result was, I think, that the officials had ceased to distrust me and if they had it in their power, they would have availed themselves of my offer of intervention in such cases. But the superior authority, so jealous of its prestige, would not hear of it.

In the above instance I did set in motion the wireless apparatus, but it was hardly effective. The fast was broken after many days, but I am unable to say whether it was at all due to my messages.

This was the first occasion when I felt that I should intervene in the interest of humanity.

The next occasion was when certain Mulshi Peta prisoners were flogged for short task. I need not go into the painful story at length. Some of these prisoners were youngsters. It is likely that they had wilfully done much less task than they could have. They were put on grinding. Somehow or other these prisoners were not classed political as the Swaraj prisoners were. What ever the cause, they were mostly given grinding as their task. Grinding has an unnecessary bad odor about it. I am aware that all labor is irksome when it has to be done as a task and under supervision not always gentle. But a prisoner who courts imprisonment for conscience's sake, should look upon his task as a matter of pride and pleasure. The Mulshi Peta prisoners, or for that matter the others, as a body were certainly not of this type. It was a new experience for them all and they did not know what was their duty as Satyagrahis—whether to do the most or the least or not at all. The majority of the Mulshi Peta prisoners were perhaps indifferent. They had perhaps not given a thought to the thing. But they were mostly high-spirited men and youths. They would brook no *"jo hukum,"* and therefore there was constant friction between them and the officials.

The crisis came at last. Major Jones became angry. He thought they were wilfully not doing their task. He wanted to make an example of them and ordered six of them to receive stripes. The flogging created a sensation in the prison. Everybody knew what was happening and why. I noticed the prisoners as they were passing by. I was deeply touched. One of them recognized me and bowed. In the "separate," the "political" prisoners intended to strike as a protest. I have paid my tribute to Major Jones. Here it is my painful duty to criticize his action. In spite of his sterling good nature, love of justice, and even partiality for prisoners as against officials, he was hasty in action. His decisions were sometimes therefore erroneous. It would not matter, as he is equally ready to repent, if it was not for sentences like flogging which once administered are beyond recall. I discussed the matter gently with him, but I know that I could not persuade him that he was wrong in punishing prisoners for short task. I could not persuade him to think that every short task was not proof of wilfulness. He did indeed admit, that there always was a margin for error, but his experience was that it was negligible. Unfortunately, like so many officers, he believed in the efficacy of flogging.

The political prisoners having taken a serious view of the case, were on the point of hunger-striking. I came to know of it. I felt that it was wrong to hunger-strike without an overwhelming case being made out. The prisoners could not take the law into their own hands and claim to judge every case for themselves. I asked Major Jones again for permission to see them. But that was not to be allowed. I had, therefore, again to fall back upon the "wireless." The hunger-strike and a crisis were averted as a direct result of the wireless. But there was an unpleasant incident arising from the matter. Mr. Jeramdas had delivered my message contrary to the regulations. Mr. Jeramdas saw, as he had to see, the political prisoners concerned. They were purposely kept in separate blocks. He therefore "wandered" from his own to the other blocks with the knowledge of the convict officers and one of the European jailors. He told them that he knew that he was breaking the regulations and that they were free to report him. He was reported in due course. Major Jones thought that he could not but take notice of the breach although he knew that it was for a good cause, and although he even appreciated Mr. Jeramdas' work. The punishment awarded was seven days' solitary confinement. On my coming to know of this, I invited Major Jones to award at least the same penalty to me as to Mr. Jeramdas. For he (Mr. Jeramdas) had broken the regulations at my instance. Major Jones said that in the interest of discipline he was bound to take notice of an open defiance brought officially to his notice. But he was not only not displeased with what Mr. Jeramdas had done, but he was glad that even at the risk of being punished he saw the prisoners who were about to hunger-strike and thus saved an ugly situation. There was no occasion, he saw, to punish me as I had not left my boundary and as my instigation of Mr. Jeramdas was not officially brought to his notice. I recognized the force of Major Jones's argument and attitude and did not further press for punishment. I must consider in the next chapter another incident still more telling and important from the Satyagrahi standpoint and then consider the moral results of non-violent action and the ethics of fasting.

—*Mahatma Gandhi.*

Young India.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WHAT CAN AND DOES HAPPEN IN AMERICA.

[The publication in these columns of this statement by the American Civil Liberties Union, is somewhat belated, but we ask its careful consideration by our readers none the less. California is a state in the American Union, all political parties of which have recently taken pains to reaffirm their support of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution.—J. H. H.]

Mob Violence on the Rampage in San Pedro.

A True Account of What Happened June 14, 1924.

One of the worst outrages yet perpetrated against the I. W. W. in this part of the country occurred on Saturday night, June 14th. An entertainment was in progress at their hall in San Pedro, corner 12th and Centre Streets. Its purpose was to raise money with which to pay the funeral expenses of two of their number who had been accidentally killed. The hall was filled with people, many of them being women and children. From two hundred fifty to three hundred are estimated to have been present. A pleasing program of songs, instrumental music and recitations was in progress, and at the close refreshments were to be served. All were in a happy mood without any intimation of impending trouble when suddenly a mob from without rushed upon the place and began to smash in the doors and windows.

The marauders quickly entered, armed with clubs, hatchets, pieces of iron pipe, etc. They proceeded to beat up those present, directing their vengeance especially toward those whom they picked out as leaders of the "wobblies." Six of such were seized and loaded into a big truck that was waiting on the outside, where they were guarded by men with drawn revolvers. A little later these victims were spirited away to a lonely canyon some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. Many auto loads of men, and at least one woman, accompanied the big truck. When they reached the desired spot they robbed the six of their belongings, including quite a sum of money, compelled them to disrobe, and directed various threatening remarks at them. From their language it appeared that they were about to either shoot them or string them up to a tree. But finally after a long process of intimidation they contented themselves with firing off their revolvers several times, knocking two teeth out of the jaw of one of the men, forcing another to drink a bottle of castor oil, and then giving each of them a coat of tar and feathers. Saturating their clothing with tar and telling them never to reappear in San Pedro they bade them adieu.

The victims of this barbarous treatment slipped on such articles of their clothing as they could manage to get into so that their nakedness might be covered and started back toward San Pedro barefooted. A passing autoist proved a friend in need, taking them in and giving them a substantial lift on the journey.

Meanwhile the fiendish attack upon the helpless inmates of the hall was continued to a sorry finish. Neither age nor sex were spared. Five children ranging from five to twelve years were fearfully burned; the rioters threw boiling coffee on them. One of the girls, Lena Milos, a nine-year-old, was so terribly scalded that she was rushed to the hospital and lies there in a very serious condition. One of the grown women also was considerably burned.

Oscar Persson had his head split open by a crushing blow; it required several stitches to close the wound. Henry Martin was cruelly cut on the left hand. Various others received blows that blackened their eyes and left abrasions upon their bodies.

The hall and its contents were completely wrecked. Practically every window was shattered, and the chairs, benches, platform, roll-top desk, typewriter, decorations on the walls and piano were reduced to kindling wood and scrap metal. Not satisfied with smashing things to pieces the mob gathered a great pile of the combustible wreckage on the corner opposite the hall and burned it.

They even went so far as to force their way into the home of Mr. Stephen Rodin who lives across from the hall. They attacked him, a savage cut across the top of his head bearing unmistakable evidence of the rough way in which he was handled. Two of his children, John and Katy, only nine and five years of age respectively, were among those badly burned by the hot coffee. They had to be taken to the hospital.

Who were the ones that committed this dastardly outrage? Their identity has not as yet been established. Quite a number of them wore sailors' uniforms. Scraps of evidence as to who they were are being gathered from various sources, and it is hoped that they may soon be apprehended and punished.

The police of the harbor district were not available at the hall when they were so badly needed to preserve order. Where were they? It is asserted at police headquarters that they had been summoned to another part of the city, several miles distant, just about the time the riot was staged at the I. W. W. hall. There is something very mysterious about the matter. On previous occasions for several months back, whenever a meeting of any kind was being held at the wobbly hall, several of the local police were in attendance upon it. But this particular night—the 14th—not a policeman appears to have been present.

The seriousness of a raid of this kind should be realized by every decent citizen. It is a climax to previous raids staged on March 17th and May 6th. But this one overshadows the two others; they were mere child's play by comparison.

What may we expect next? Another Centralia tragedy perhaps, or something even worse. Lawlessness begets more lawlessness. The authorities of this city and county should immediately take the most thoroughgoing measures to bring the culprits to justice. To deal superficially with a matter of this gravity will be to invite dire disaster to this community. Therefore let every lover of law and order make insistent demand upon the constituted guardians of the peace that they sift this affair to the bottom without delay.

Press reports have charged the I. W. W. with rejoicing over the loss of the forty-eight sailors who were so sadly brought to an untimely end by the recent explosion on the Mississippi, with having said that they wished the number killed had been 4800, and with threatening to dynamite the morgue where the dead bodies were taken. But all such tales carry their own refutation to reasonable minds. They are too atrocious and absurd to be believed for a moment. An investigation reveals them to have been pure fabrications, concocted doubtless by certain sinister interests who are seeking to prejudice the public mind against these much-maligned wobblies by setting this forth as an alleged reason for raiding their hall. Brand instantly such tales as infamous, and do your utmost to foster in our midst a fair-minded attitude toward all groups, however much you may disagree with them as to their philosophy.—*American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch,* 540 *Wilcox Building, Los Angeles.*

THE WAR AGAINST WAR

The Central Conference of American Rabbis, in Convention assembled at Cedar Point, Sandusky, Ohio, holds the conviction that the issues of War and Peace press for solution upon mankind as never before in the upward struggle of humanity. Because we love America, actuated as it is by the prophetic ideals of justice, righteousness, mercy and peace, we desire that it maintain its position as a moral leader, pointing the way toward the new freedom.

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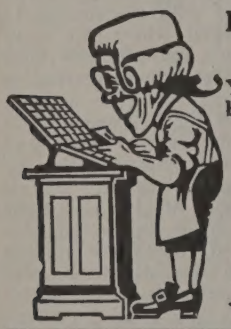

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our stand with all the generations of our forefathers upon the principle, "The work of righteousness shall be peace." The consummation of peace can be obtained only when justice and righteousness prevail. Righteousness, not war, exalteth a nation.

We appeal to the entire human family to substitute love for hatred, amity for strife, brotherhood for discord, the boon of peace for the spoil of war.

We favor heartily the institution of a popular referendum as an indispensable preliminary to any declaration of war by Congress.

We urge the speedy adherence of the United States to the permanent Court of International Justice, known as the World Court. Without any sacrifice of sovereignty, independent action or honor, we can well take part officially in this laudable attempt to substitute ajudication for resort to arms.

We commend those organizations which spread information and enlightenment in regard to the issues of peace. Without persistent education of the will to peace there is little hope of the disappearance of the will to war.

We urge the creation of a standing committee on peace with the ultimate object of bringing into being a Jewish National Commission on peace and goodwill.

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